



PARENTAL  
**ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

"Patriots"

(feat. Free & Pras)

[*Canibus*]

I make your bitch crew shit stools; I put a pistol  
in your mouth and pull, then I feed you to the pitbulls  
Don't even talk about guns; the only "nine" you got  
is a five dollar bill and four ones  
So I don't give a fuck what none of y'all niggaz say  
Cause anything that can't penetrate ricochets  
Rhymin with me on a record? You might as well have died  
and went to hell instead of heaven cause my rhyme weapon  
is like a medieval torture method -- your four limbs  
tied to four horses all pulling in different directions  
In this profession I get busy without a question  
Seein me is like seein a vampire's reflection  
Fast or slow flows connect like electrodes  
I make cassette tape decks blow when I'm in wreck-mode  
Explode leavin areas abandoned  
with more radiation behind than spots UFO's landed in

[*Pras*] Is that all soldier?

[*Can*] Yes, sir!

[*Pras*] Is there anything you need?

[*Can*] No, sir!

[*Pras*] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[*Can*] Are you a Navy Seal?

[*Free*] Yes, sir!

[*Can*] Then say it like you mean it!

Tell them who Free from the Navy Seal Team is!

[*Free*]

Free be the one rockin shit, special operatives  
Specializin in weapon diagnostics  
My survival tactics be drastic, like Rambo  
I'm stranglin niggaz with my bow and arrow elastic  
Whoever said you couldn't be five feet and thoroughbred  
never witnessed the cerebral cortex in my head  
How many gigabytes does your hard drive hold?  
or does your hard drive fold once the signal hits the node?  
Beyond mission control the theory behind your thought  
Marie Antoinette, behead me, I still rock  
While you choke and suffocatin off your own testosterone  
I'm known for breakin levels down to the values unknown  
A specimen with extraterrestrial estrogen  
Kick your intestines in, sell your testicles to Mexicans  
I bring the force like a nutcracker  
Annihilate rhyme hackers, Navy Seal linebacker

The last Oedipus remains, unclaimed  
So if you buck against Free you better tattoo your name  
on your teeth -- I disintegrate those that oppose  
Disintegrate hoes with they assholes in they nose  
I suppose you wanna run your mouth like a ??  
I put bitch niggaz to rest in the bitch bassinet

[Can] Is that all soldier?  
[Free] Yes, sir!  
[Can] Is there anything you need?  
[Free] No, sir!  
[Can] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a patriot?  
(Sir, yes sir!)  
[Can] Then say it like you mean it!  
Tell them who Canibus from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Canibus]  
I'm the meanest motherfucker on this whole Navy Seal team  
And I can kill anything if it bleeds or breathes  
Yo, callin all bitch-ass niggaz and bitch-ass bitches  
I got a Howitzer bigger than any four-fifth is  
Rappin is a raw business  
But as an individual I'm as different as anybody's fingerprint is  
If foreign is the norm I'm the antonym  
Put me in the same category you would put Marilyn Manson in  
Bugging like a satanic evangelist  
Jogging buttnaked down Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles  
Every MC in your crew will get ruined or wounded  
You talk the bullshit, and be too scared to do shit  
I'm the type of nigga that'll prove it, produce shit  
Spent so much time in the studio I had to move in  
A soldier, who practices West Indian obia  
I can drink the poison from a king cobra  
Cause long after y'all are dead and gone  
I'll survive the nuclear holocaust like a roach [?]

[Pras] Is that all soldier?  
[Can] Sir, yes sir!  
[Pras] Is there anything you need?  
[Can] Sir, no sir!  
[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease! [echoes]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Get Retarded"

"I-I-I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

### [Canibus]

Yo -- niggaz is phony frontin like they Master of Ceremonies  
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me  
To be nice I sacrifice things like no sleep  
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche  
Creating concepts so deep, niggaz quote me  
They rewind and interpret my rhymes to they homies  
I did things beyond your flows, eons ago  
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow  
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it  
But see back then we used to battle by spinnin on the ce-ment  
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record  
or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved  
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond  
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular StarTec  
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggaz  
like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

### [Chorus: Canibus]

Aiyyo, nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage  
"G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
You spineless, rhymeless, niggaz is heartless  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
Aiyyo, I came to see that hip-hop is never tarnished  
"G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
So I [echoes]  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo, all I really want is you niggaz to stop bitin  
All I really want is you niggaz to start writin  
All I really want is you niggaz to be original  
and start spittin some lyrical shit that I can listen to  
You haven't written the perfect rhyme yet  
You don't even know the sequences to the Human Genome Project  
You haven't come to terms with your God yet  
And you refuse to believe in Unidentified Flyin Objects  
When I bomb shit, I get retarded; probably more than you bargained

I'm talkin about rippin mic off your arm shit  
Hype shit, blow up a mic shit, you might get  
beat the fuck up in broad daylight with a nighstick  
To the British, I'm Ghandi  
To the Japanese I'm an American pilot flyin over Nagasaki  
To the AIDS patient I'm your last antibody  
Sittin and waitin for a cure from modern biology

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo I be lookin directly into the human eye to see if you pussy  
And completely ruin your ability to lie to me  
I pull a nine on a bully, cock back the cannon  
God damnit, I don't think you fully understand it  
Ask nine out of ten niggaz on the planet  
who the best is, the question'll go unanswered  
til I step up, to the front line with rhymes  
Revin my engines like they were powered by Lemans  
Murderin niggaz with lyrics manufactured within  
my DNA's double-helix, I leave you in troubled spirits  
I'm absolutely the purest, breed of MC  
from the United States of America to Europe I deserve it  
However you wanna word it, I'm perfect  
Touch my microphone on accident and get murdered on purpose  
Motherfucker!  
"I, want, to.."  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

*[Chorus]*

"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"  
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Nigganometry"

*[Chorus: samples (Canibus)]*

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

*[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]*

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

*[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]*

*[Canibus]*

Now if a bitch sucks yo' dick, for five dollars per square inch

and gets forty dollars, includin a five dollar tip

How big was the dick she just sucked? (Say what?)

Say how big was the dick she just sucked? (What?)

If you a nigga with a watch, that's iced out

with enough rocks to make the hottest room temperature drop

How long will it take for you to get robbed? (Say what?)

How long will it be before you get robbed? (What?)

Now if your song played on the radio for the first time

four days ago, now the shit is rotational

Who got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say it)

Say who the fuck got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say shit)

If you sign a recordin deal for less than a quarter mill'

and your advance is a hundred-thousand dollar automobile

I know the vehicle was probably beautiful (Yeah it's tight)

But did you ask your lawyer if it was recoupable?

It's nigganometry.. *[echoes]*

*[Chorus: all except first line]*

*[Canibus]*

You had five shots of coke and vodka, then you convinced

your designated driver to smoke a pound of marijuana

How the hell you gonna get home?

Say how the fuck you gonna drive yourself home?

You got a mansion, a Benz, a Bentley and a Range

and ain't none of that shit in your government name

What pieces of property do you own? (You don't own nothin)

What pieces of property do you really own?

You don't own a god damn thing, nigguh)

Now if you take a glass of water then add two cubes of ice

you should see the cup's water level slightly rise, right?

You need to watch what I'ma show you (Watch this)

You need to look closely at what I'ma show you

(Listen to this right here)

If you remove every living animal out of the sea

then wouldn't the world's ocean water level decrease?

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that was deep)

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that shit was deep)

It's nigganometry...

*[sample of Big Bird from Sesame Street cut and scratched saying "N"]*

"Hey, I've been sitting here trying to think  
of what we can do with this here letter 'L'..."

"F", "U", "C", "K", "L-L.."

# Canibus Lyrics

"Second Round K.O."

*[in the first section Tyson speaks over the "Rip Rock" instrumental]*

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man, whassup man?  
I caught you on that cut with Wyclef man - you were boomin  
But I caught these foul slouch-ass niggaz, youknowmean?  
Talkin foul bout you the other night  
on the corner of the boulevard man - I wasn't with that  
but I ain't know you well enough to defend you though right?  
But you seem like you got true game  
But.. peep game man, they've been playin me all my life man  
You know I won the title a couple of times, did right, youknowmean?  
But they can't hurt us man, we gon' do it  
Get up in this ring man put on these gloves  
Let me show how to handle yourself man  
You don't got nobody out there with you  
I gots to show you man, get up in there move that head man  
Come on to me man, but when you come man you gotta come for blood man  
Come up to me man, come on bust that nigga whole man  
Niggaz talkin that shit about you..

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here  
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but  
eat eat eat eat MC's, for lunch, breakfast  
Hey man they been playin me all my life man  
You know I won the title a couple of times did right  
No but they can't hurt us man  
We gonna do it, get up in this ring man, put on these gloves  
Let me show you how to handle this yourself man

*[Canibus]*

So I'ma let the world know the truth, you don't want me to shine  
You studied my rhyme, then you laid your vocals after mine  
That's a bitch move, somethin that a homo rapper would do  
So when you say that you +Platinum+, you only droppin +Clue's+  
I studied your background, read the book that you wrote  
Researched your footnotes, bout how you used to sniff coke  
Frontin like a drug-free role model, you disgust me  
I know bitches that seen you smoke weed recently  
You walk around showin off your body cause it sells  
Plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills  
Mad at me cause I kick that shit real niggaz feel  
While 99% of your fans wear high heels  
From Ice-T to Kool Moe Dee to Jay-Z  
Now you wanna fuck with me? You must be crazy!  
You drippin with wack juice, and you can't get it off  
You betta be prepared to finish what you start, nigga

*[Referee]*

Hey hey hey hey, you just hold it right there  
(Yo, get off me man)  
We got an illegal low blow on the fighter in the blue trunks  
(Yo, yo get the fuck off me man)  
If I see one more of those, you're outta here brotha  
(Yo get out my way man, yo he started this shit)  
You understand? (Fuck you!)  
You'll be disqualified (I'll bite that nigga again!)  
Stop bein a bitch (Get the fuck off me man!)  
We came to see a fight

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man you gotta hit harder than that man  
You don't want no bitch ass niggaz hangin out wit me man  
We're warriors man, when we go into battle  
we come out, or don't come out at all

*[Canibus]*

Yo  
You better give me the respect that I deserve or I'ma take it by force  
Blast you with a 45 colt, make you summersault  
Shock you with a couple hundred thousand volt thunderbolts  
Before you wanted a war, now you wanna talk  
It's about who strikes the hardest, not who strikes first  
That's why I laugh when I hear that wack ass verse  
That shit was the worse *[pause]* rhyme I ever heard in my life  
cause the greatest rapper of all time died on March 9th  
God bless his soul rest in peace kid  
It's because of him now at least I know +What Beef+ is  
It's not what I would call this (nah) see this is somethin different  
A faggot nigga tryin ta make a livin offa dissin  
Somebody that he gotta know is betta than him  
but he feelin himself, cause he got more cheddar than him  
Well lemme tell you somethin, you might got mo' cash then me  
But you ain't got the skills to eat a nigga's ass like me  
And if you really want to show off, we can get it on  
Live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom  
I'll let you kick a verse, fuck it, I'll let you kick em all  
I'll even wait for the studio audience to applaud *[cheers]*  
Now watch me rip the tat from your arm  
Kick you in the groin, stick you for your Vanguard award  
In front of your mom your 1st, 2nd and 3rd born  
Make your wife get on the horn call Minister Farrakhan  
So he could persuade me to squash it, I saw naw he started it  
He forgot what a hardcore artist is  
A hardcore artist is a dangerous man, such as myself  
trained to run 20 miles in soft sand  
On or off land, programmed to kick hundreds of bars off hand  
from a lost and forgotten land, you done did it man  
You done spitted some wack shittit  
And probably thought that because it's been a minute I'll forget it

Fuck that, cause like Common and Cube I see +The Bitch In Yoo+  
and I'ma make the world see it too, motherfucker

*[Referee]*

Ladies and gentleman, we have a new lyrical weight champion  
By second round knock out, 3 minutes and 40 seconds Can-i-bus

*[Mike Tyson]*

Yo Canibus man, you movin like Mike Tyson Jr. man  
You in and out and you're agile with you flow man  
But dig right, you got you gotta eat man, that's your name Canibus  
Your whole agenda is to eat these niggaz man  
They have no business to be in the same stage with you  
holdin the mic with you

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here  
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but  
eat eat eat eat MC's for lunch, breakfast, dinner  
That's your agenda baby  
Your your agenda to to consume them  
Their whole existance, they can't exist in your presence  
The Canibus is here to rule forever  
Mike Tyson, on the death

# Canibus Lyrics

## "What's Going On"

"What's.. what's.."

"What's going on? What's going on?" [x4]

[*Canibus*]

The club scene is a regular hangout spot for unclean  
women in tight jeans frontin like queens

Chickenheads who should be home takin care of their eggs

Instead, they always in the club flirtin with men

No I don't care about no hype-no-holic bitches; all I'm concerned with  
is who's bringin they burners in to burn niggaz  
While security practice is mediocre proportions  
Niggaz is still stealthily sneakin they firearms in  
Often, niggaz be acting like they're marksmen

but couldn't hit a stationary object

So how you gonna hit a movin target? Especially if you alcoholic

The party was coconuts until you spoiled it

Nigga what's goin on?

[*Chorus: Canibus + samples*]

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on these days?

[*Can*] Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on? Why is everybody packin?

"While you rappin, I'm busy tryin to sneak the gat in" -> Havoc

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] What's goin on these days?

Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[*Can*] Before you blaze, think about the lives at stake

[*Biggie*] "You got a gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place"

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo

The other night I seen some kid gettin loud, runnin his mouth  
Til somebody pulled the thang-thang out, then shots rang out

This nigga in front of me got his back blown out

On the floor with a piece of his small intestines hangin out

I had to scream on the bouncers to carry him out

They said, "Nah, them niggaz is still bustin in the crowd"

Then they ducked down close to the ground as the bullets whizzed by

Prayin to Allah cause they don't wanna die

But neither do I, fuck it, I gotta be here

As a rap artist, it's a vital part of my career

I swear, y'all niggaz need to chill with that

Bringing your handguns to every God damn club I perform at

Everything from semi-autos to macs

Chrome or black, plastic gats and all that  
Believe it or not - the government wants that  
So they can use that as an excuse to shut down rap  
What's goin on?

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo

All of my hip-hop niggaz should feel what I'm speakin upon  
A subject that was touched by Nas and Pharoahe Monch  
Bullets - bein shot from guns, guns bein carried by thugs  
who come to the clubs to shed blood  
Bear in mind, that everytime a nigga reaches for chrome  
he jeopardizes more lives than his own  
To some this record ain't even relevant until you experience  
how a bullet can shatter your dreams in a millisec'  
By some thug cats who didn't take that  
by bustin a gat, they could render somebody handicapped  
and trapped, in a wheelchair over nothin  
With the gift of walkin and runnin snatched from them  
What the fuck is goin on?

*[Chorus x2 to fade]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I Honor U"

(feat. MB^2)

### [Chorus One: MB^2]

We'll never part (through) sickness and health (health)  
You are my heart -- I love you more than I love myself  
(Yeahayeahh) But in the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep it'll be alright  
I'll be there for you (just for you)  
if you tell me all your secrets  
Yet in the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight  
I'll be there for you (youuooooh)  
if you tell me all your secrets

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo, boy meets girl, boy really likes her  
Boy loses contact with girl but he finds her  
Girl has no clue that boy is a liar, and he has no honor  
So she dates him regardless, cause she thought he was harmless  
And he had her believin he was the man she wanted  
to spend the rest of her life with -- the words "I love you"  
are priceless, unpredictable like rollin dice is  
None-the-less, inspite of the frightenin repercussions  
you might get, people still risk they necks  
Of course it's nice, the feelin of courtship, roses and stuff  
Women never get it often enough  
And the reason people love they mother so much  
besides the fact she carried you for nine months, is trust  
It's a five letter word, that should only occur between him and her  
before the bees and the birds (WORD!)

### [Chorus One]

### [Canibus]

Aiyyo I heard a soft moan in the middle of March  
Then I felt a powerful force push me forward like a dart  
On your mark, get set, GO!  
I was off, flagella was my propellor wiggin back and forth  
Then I set a course for the border  
Mother Nature's karma callin me to the rock of Gibraltar  
The competition tried to be smart, but I was smarter  
My competitors were swimmin fast, so I swam harder  
Submerged in water, prayin to my heavenly father  
If I don't make it through I'm a goner  
Screamin out "Death before dishonor,"  
Because I'm awesomely stronger, my stamina last longer  
I was destined to be a son instead of a daughter  
XY is the male chromosomal order

One'll stay alive, and survive, the rest'll be dead  
Cause I'ma be the one to fertilize that egg [echoes]

[Chorus Two: MB^2]

In the middle of the night  
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight  
I'll be there for you..  
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]

Aiyyo mommy I'm up in your stomach, buggin  
Whenever you rub it, I love it  
Like a comforters covers you warm as a oven  
Your husband -- stubborn, how can you love him?  
Smokin cigarettes by the dozen when he knows that I'm comin  
Bad move, you hopin that daddy improves  
Knowin in your heart that's bull, because he's too cruel  
You've been abused, used, you've got, wounds and scars  
Think with your mind not with your heart, let's go to grandma's  
Terminate the lease, call the landlord  
Give your job two weeks notice, pack up the car, and go to New York  
What part? They got a little borough called The Bronx, Mom..  
And I heard that's where hip-hop is gonna start  
Hell yeah! I think we need to be right there  
Four months in your stomach and I already chose a career  
When you cry, I hear, and I wish I could dry your tears  
but I can't cause I'm stuck in here  
Five months from bein able to lay against your chest  
I can't even hold you in my arms, cause they ain't developed yet  
But I swear to you, as to God's Almighty Truth  
I'ma be there for you.. I'ma be there for you..

[Chorus One w/ variations]

[MB^2]

Tell me! (Tell me all your secrets)  
All.. all.. (Tell me all your secrets)  
And I will be there for you (Tell me all your secrets)  
Tell me your secrets (Tell me all your secrets)  
Oooohoooh, tell me.. (Tell me all your secrets)

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hype-Nitis"

*[skit first 30 seconds of song, speaking over "Rip Rock" instrumental]*

Yo whassup, wassup son?  
(Oh are y'all ready? Y'all ready?)  
Yea yea yea we ready  
Whassup, whassup son?  
Whassup, what's the deal?  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah, aight, so... so all we gotta do  
is do the shit we've been workin on  
Word  
When we add this new, Canibus nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Niggaz gonna feel that nigga  
Oh, that's the old to the new! The old to the new!  
(Yo, that's gon' bring us back, that's gon' bring us back)  
That's gonna bring us back  
(Yeah that's gon' blow)  
Aight? So let's... so let's work on this shit *[clears throat]*  
Y'all ready? Two times, from the top

*[goes into an old school style rap]*  
I hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)  
And yo grab the mic and make the shit sound tight  
Hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)  
And yo, grab the mic and make the shit sound tight

*[Chorus: Jenny Fujita]*  
The hype.. nitis.. is in.. your eyes  
That look.. that smile.. in disguise *[echoes]*

*[Canibus]*  
Aiyyo, can you feel it?  
I know that everybody's heard of that (The Vapors!)  
But this is the ninety-eight version of that  
BizMark, one of the founders of this art  
Discovered evidence, of the disease, and documented it  
Now the name of the virus is called "Hype-nitis"  
A terminal condition that effects all biters and liars  
Hype-no-holics can't require my respect  
Cause they snakes and I can smell the venom on they breath  
Hype-nitis

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
Alright now, I'm about to break the hype-nitis down  
It's characterized by a certain type of lifestyle

People that treated you foul just wanna be nice now  
Smile and raise they eyebrows when you come around  
I remember when I first started to work  
and tried to get this job as a label intern  
Them niggaz was, killin me, cause wasn't nobody feelin me  
A&R's wouldn't even risk demo-dealin me

*[speaking over chorus]*  
Can you believe that shit? That's how it was back then

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
Aiyyo, I know  
most the niggaz I exchange pounds with or lounge with  
wouldn't be around if my career was spiralin downward  
They'd crowd around me til I'm surrounded  
Ask me who I'm down with, til I replied, "The Navy Seals outfit"  
They told me my album was coconuts so they rewound it  
I knew they was hype-no-holics by how they voices sounded  
I pull a silver can out of my trousers  
Made a public announcement, about the Hype juice  
and then I bounced kid *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*  
To me hype-nitis is like the measles, cause it's a disease too  
Studies show it affects one in every five people  
It's so lethal, the cure can't be achieved through  
hypodermic needles or the ingestion of medicine in teaspoons  
If you feel the need to, here's a toll-free number  
They'll send you an eight page pamphlet to read through  
(800)-7932, there'll be available hype-no-holics  
standin by for you to speak to *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*

*[Jenny Fujita]*  
The hype..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "How We Roll"

(feat. Panama P.I.)

*[Canibus]*

I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee  
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me  
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory  
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me  
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition  
for anybody tryin to go the distance  
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres  
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent  
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric  
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit  
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit  
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it  
([Rakim:] "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

*[Canibus]*

We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs  
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it  
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you  
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you  
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian  
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias  
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?  
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun  
like a front seat passenger  
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre  
I'll attack ya cardiovascular  
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes  
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses  
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it  
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

You see I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz  
See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz

The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

*[Canibus]*

I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me  
cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista  
    I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves  
At a (Speed) that would confuse Keanu Reeves  
    So ask yourself, who am I?  
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life  
    I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme  
                til the meter says 9, 9, 9  
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time  
    whether they signed or unsigned  
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas  
    More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus  
    More lines than a African herd of zebras  
Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'  
    This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit  
    Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it  
([Rakim:] "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

*[Chorus: Panama P.I.]*

See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz  
    See I roll with the wildest niggaz  
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz  
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz  
    Some hostile violent  
    .. chemically ..imbalanced ..nigga!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Channel Zero"

*[Canibus]*

Approximately fifty years ago  
under the direction of President Harry Truman  
and in the interest of national security  
A group of twelve top military scientific personnel were established  
This group's primary objective  
was to desensitize us to the truth  
And to suppress the material evidence that our planet is being visited  
by a group of extraterrestrial biological entities called the grays

Tune in to channel zero [x8]

*[Canibus]*

Yo, sometimes the road to the truth is, so elusive it's confusin  
And reality becomes illusion  
If I showed the masses where we was at or where we was goin  
I'd shatter the social balance of the world as we know it  
I'm talkin bout the grand deception, of 1947  
When our souls were sold to the heavens  
for technologically advanced weapons  
Crystal enhanced, brain implants, and mind control methods  
MJ-12 is not majestic  
And the focal point of our problems on this planet are not domestic  
You can accept it or be stupid and be a skeptic  
and fail to recognize the secret society's deathwish  
Ninety-seven percent of our Presidents were Masons  
Responsible for launderin trillions of dollars from the nation  
for the construction of underground military installations  
Abductions and cattle mutilations  
Experiments on human patients  
can take place in several subterranean bases  
A hundred and fifty stories below a basement  
With knowledge of genetic information, you need to fear science not Satan  
Cause through the manipulation of certain biological agents  
they create strange creations  
Top secret special operations  
Low frequency sounds and lasers, people like Carl Sagan  
that didn't believe in the Drake equation  
were tryin to keep Western civilization on the need-to-know basis  
Well you need to know that this is a game  
and we're bein betrayed and played in the worst way

Tune in to channel zero [x8]

*[Canibus]*

Yo, the holy script from Genesis 1-26  
says, "Let us make man in our image under our likeness"

First of all who's THEY? You see if God  
was truly a single entity that's not what he would say  
    We as the Elohim, Gods and Goddesses  
    possess a marvelously monstrous subconscious  
Lifeforms that speak, in very high pitched sounds and squeaks  
    Short staccato clicks and beeps  
    A highly advanced form of speech  
Even though to us it seems like they only chatterin they teeth  
    They used to swim deep in the oceans beneath  
Til they fins transformed into limbs and they started to creep  
    Then they evolved into mammals with feet  
    And walked right from the shorelines onto the beach  
They used gravity, cause it's actually the only force around  
    that could slow time and the speed of light down  
The energy grid network, opened the gateway from Earth  
    to any point in the universe  
Livin organisms and various, geomagnetic gravitational, anomaly areas  
    Space expedition teams in the lunar regions  
    reported seein, decapyramids and tetrahedrons  
    Liquid filled shoes, is what they used  
    to walk across the moon without leavin a clue  
of where they been for the past twenty-three billion years  
    Before life on the surface even appeared  
I hope you become aware what I'm spittin in your ear  
    was intended to stimulate your left-brain's hemisphere  
I know it sounds weird, all these motherfuckin answers  
    and questions to the grand deception

Tune in to channel zero [x16]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Let's Ride"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo

If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks  
My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat  
The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep  
Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique  
Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin  
with irrefutably remarkable timin  
I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin  
If you John Blaze, or you James Flames  
or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)  
No pain no gain in this rap game  
For the fortune and fame in order to remain  
Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change  
or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain y'all

*[Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras]*

*[Clef]* Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
*[Pro]* When you in the streets and you're drivin in your V  
if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the jackers  
*[Can]* Old school, old school  
*[Pras]* Everybody got to pack a mac now

*[Canibus]*

Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow  
when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know  
It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-physical miracle  
And I'ma blackout in a minute too  
Spittin like Bone-Thugs like  
"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"  
then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug  
The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap  
with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax  
In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you  
Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either  
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers  
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

*[Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef]*

*[Pro]* You came home from a bid a nigga was in your crib  
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebreate  
*[Can]* Old school old school  
*[Pras]* You locked up and she need some di-ick  
*[Clef]* Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride  
Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

*[Canibus]*

Yo physically I move at a velocity  
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me  
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji  
Iller than what you seen in the cinema  
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than eight cylinders  
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips  
Double the clock speeds of a 586  
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC  
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin  
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes  
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time  
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time  
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

*[Chorus: Product]*

*[Pro]* Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin  
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST  
Motherfuckin BEST  
And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow  
*[Can]* Old school, old school (c'mon!)

*[Pro]* And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow  
*[Can]* Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)  
*[Pro]* Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack bottles

*[Wyclef]*

Ah just ride, ah just ride  
Everybody in the East just ride  
Ah just ride, ah just ride  
Everybody in the West just ride  
Ah to the South, down South  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ah just ride

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Buckingham Palace"

[*Canibus*]

Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace  
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters  
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit  
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit  
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"  
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this  
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent  
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence  
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste  
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face  
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe  
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin  
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva  
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her  
Alcohol in the hands of a minor  
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers  
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children  
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em  
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain  
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!

[*Chorus: Canibus and crowd*]

When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)  
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"  
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[*Canibus*]

Yo.. yo..  
Yo prepare for the worst  
This next verse is the face of death  
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex  
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic  
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered  
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet  
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin  
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites  
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights  
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that  
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback  
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James  
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days  
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken  
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit  
My style's radioactive, massive atomic  
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the (Facts of Life) down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi  
with more (Vocab), than three fuckin Fugees  
So recognize or be hospitalized  
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey  
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy  
See I need much more energy then my enemies  
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy  
So I could be on MTV  
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee  
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene  
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green  
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine  
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine  
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream  
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed  
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon  
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds  
Long enough for me to give you one last message  
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it  
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus  
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove  
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew  
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods  
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too  
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin  
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him  
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness  
Too busy mixin your bid'nness with your bitches  
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures  
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers  
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+  
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life  
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right  
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Rip Rock"

[*Canibus*]

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon, c'mon!

Rock! [*echoes*]

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[*Verse 1: Canibus*]

Jump up and down if you love the sound

We Rip and Rock until we tear shit down

Rip Rock stands for Hip-Hop mixed with Rock'n'Roll

I'm hardcore to my inner soul

Hold on as I swerve outta control

Directly into the unknowns of a black hole

All my real niggaz, with fucked up neurotransmitters

wavin glocks and swastikas

I'ma take twenty shots of this hard liquor

and swigga, til I'm drunk as the Mississippi River

Even though I know the shit is fuckin up my liver

Tomorrow when I wake up, I won't even remember {"Rock!"}

how I got home - or where I got this tattoo of a mic on my arm from

Or when I fucked them bitches last night, I shoulda used a condom

(I guess not) Now that's what I call Rip Rock!

[*Chorus 1: Canibus*]

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip (c'mon) .. Rock! (yeah)

[repeat chorus 1]

[*Chorus 2: Canibus x2*]

You want Rock'n'Roll? (We got it)

You want Hip-Hop? (We got it)

You wanna wreck shop? (We got it)

We got it got it

We got it got it got it

[*guitar interlude - like a heavy metal snake charmer's song*]

[*Canibus*]

C'mon! [*echoes*]

Rock!

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[*Verse 2: Canibus*]

Yo, I want you to sucker-punch whoever you standin next to  
if you ready to rock with a ReFugee rebel

A Navy Seal underwater in a submarine vessel  
Shittin on niggaz above sea level  
I'm tired of you MC's talkin bout loot (LOOT!)  
I'm tired of you corny drug-induced rap groups (GROUPS!)  
I'm tired of the lies, the cries, the screams  
Tired of gettin my name misspelled in magazines {"Rock!"}  
I'm tired of you two-faced disc jockeys  
Non-believers, suckin on my arch enemy's penis  
You know who you are, I'm talkin to you  
You need to recognize I'm tryin to introduce somethin new  
Somethin I would sacrifice my life or die for  
Somethin if I was already dead I would rise for  
Somethin that would make a fool a hundred times wiser  
Somethin that will help all mankind to prosper  
I die with laughter, lookin at you wack MC's  
with your craft unmastered, bastards  
Hip-Hop in it's rarest form, crossbreeded  
with Rock'N'Roll, now Rip Rock is born, motherfuckers!

*[Chorus 1]*

*[Chorus 2]*

*[Canibus]*

C'mon! *[echoes]*

C'mon!

C'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! *[echoes]*

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! Rip Rooooooooooooooooooooock!